

THE McDONALDS.

Romance of the Canada Line in 1812-15.

BY T. M. B.

CHAPTER I.—LOVE.

"Rory, you must not cross the river to me again. They may settle it, of course, but then all will be right. But now, don't do it; for my sake if not for yours."

"And why for me, Jessie? What's up, any way? What is there to settle? If you think that any of those young Yankee bludges is coming to see you, I'll settle it for you pretty quick!" and the speaker lifted his right arm, and showed a fist that was as hard as iron.

"I have felled an ox," said the young man, "I'm not afraid of all the Yankees in New York State (good boy, Rory; Jessie hears you); but if this war you speak of happens of course it won't do for me to come here, for that might bring your folks into trouble, and see here, Jessie, if the war does come, I suppose I'll shoulder my musket as I'm in duty bound to do. Everybody stick up for his own colors, Jessie, you know. There, don't cry; perhaps it's all talk, but any way it's high time for me to cross the river, and now, Jessie, give me a kiss to remember you till we meet again," and Rory jumped into his skiff and was off.

"Till we meet again," said the disconsolate Jessie.

It was a long time before they met again.

CHAPTER II.—WAR.

Rory hadn't long to wait the confirmation of the rumors spoken of by his inamorata.

On the 18th of June, a few weeks after the interview by the river, war was declared by Uncle Sam, and some 25,000 regulars and 50,000 volunteers were called out for active service. We will not go into the rights or wrongs of the war, which have nothing to do with this true story, merely remarking that the assumption on the part of Great Britain that she had a right to search American, and in fact all "foreign" vessels on the high seas, and take therefrom, *volens volens*, those of the crew born under the British flag, under the plea once a subject always a subject, didn't go down with the Yankees, who vowed that they would stand it no longer; hence the advent of that gory monster,

"Grim-visaged war," among the happy and peaceable inhabitants of Canada and the States.

In Upper Canada at this time there were about 3000 regulars, and some 1500 in the lower province, so of course the regular forces being inadequate to tackle the American troops a call was made for volunteers.

Immediately after war was declared, that exceedingly stupid and withal incompetent officer, Sir George Prevost, then commandant in Canada and shortly afterwards got consumedly thrashed by the Yankees at Lake Champlain, issued an order that all Americans should leave British soil within fourteen days. The war feeling waxed exceedingly hot on both sides, and soon the ball commenced.

Among the first regiments of volunteers raised in Upper Canada was the "Glenarry Fencibles," composed almost altogether of McDonalds, McDonells, Frasers and other Highland clansmen of their descendants, under the command of Col. McDonald, and a strapping, not to say hostile looking lot of stalwarts they were. Of course our friend Rory was among the first to enroll himself in the ranks, put on his old red "coatee" and shouldered a venerable "Brown Bess" more remarkable for its kinking qualities than its reliability to fire or its accuracy of aim, and in a very short time he found himself on the Niagara frontier doing "sentry go!" under that valiant and meritorious officer, Gen. Sir Isaac Brock, who, as every one knows, fell while leading his command to "glory" on the blood-stained heights of Queenston.

Rory, after this engagement, was promoted to the high and dignified position of lance corporal, he being by this time well up in his drill, having served with Brock on the Detroit frontier where Hull, to the intense disgust and indignation of the Americans, surrendered. After Brock's death, Gen. Sheaffe took command of the British, and in spite of the many energetic attempts of the Americans under Gen. Smith to permanently occupy the colony, managed to hold his ground.

It is not necessary or advisable to follow our hero through the different hard marches, bivouacs and battles that he underwent in his two years of bloody experience. He was among the Highlanders who obeyed the Americans at Burlington when the latter attempted to get possession of the military stores there, and who afterwards visited Toronto, where they not only succeeded in blowing up the British's works, but some hundreds of their own people, including their brave but unfortunate commander, Gen. Pike.

Nor do we intend to relate the manifold adventures of the bold Rory when on picket duty along with the unrelenting and savage allies of the British, the Indians, under their cruel and bloodthirsty chief, Joe Brant, or how often he risked his life to save that of some unfortunate wounded Yankee, whose ill luck placed him in the hands of these infuriated and unforgiving savages.

But one night Rory had an adventure that he remembered until his dying day, as it resulted sometime after in scouring him the happiness of his future life.

Rory was now full corporal and in command of an outlying picket some two miles from the main camp, near the rapids of the tumultuous Niagara, and, as he and his comrades, placed at intervals, were peering through the underbrush or traversing the woods on the line of out-posts, they were startled by a sound that often before and since that time, struck terror to the heart of the pale face, the dread war-whoop of the Indians.

"Close up, boys!" shouted Rory, "advance! Let's see what's the row about, the reds have caught some poor devil for certain." The party closed and advanced a few yards, and then, with his arms pinned firmly and a painted and hideous looking Chippewa on either side, tomahawk in hand ready to brain him, they beheld a wounded American officer. He was fainting from loss of blood, exposure and fatigue, and as the picket came up he turned his beseeching eyes on Rory who plainly said, "Don't let them murder me," and fell to the ground.

The Indians were one second raised their tomahawks, and in a moment it would have been all up with their prisoner, when Rory shouted, "Hold! Stop!" and his little command rushed up with fixed bayonets while the Chippewas dropped their murderous hands and scowled at the red coats.

"No, no. *Cow win! cow win!*" replied the savages fiercely. "Yankee our prisoner, must come with Indian."

"No," said Rory, knowing that a painful and lingering death would be the American's fate if they ever got him to their camp. "No, no, we want him with us. Let him go!"

"*Cow win, nicki. Sha-ga-naw,*" yelled one of the fierce savages, whose temper, not one of the sweetest at any time, got beyond his control. "*Cow win,*" and he hurled his tomahawk at the head of our hero, which, had it "found its billet," would have closed his career and this story instant.

But Rory, anticipating such a salute, just managed to dodge the hatchet, and big Angus Fraser, without more ado, ran his bayonet through the Indian's body, while his dusky comrades with a yell that frightened the squirrels for miles around, jumped like a greynound for the cover of the woods, and disappeared.

Big Angus, like many more, had grown rather callous during the war, and he remarked to Michael Deherby, his rear rank man: "She's a good runner then, Michael."

"Faith he is," replied his chum. "Saw a heagle coddent catch him. Be me sowl, Angus, 'tis a shame for good Christians like me and you to fight be the side of such murderin' thieves!"

The American was soon unbound and brought to head quarters by Rory and his detachment, (Rory, by the way, saying nothing about the death of the Indian) and as he was badly wounded he was soon exchanged and sent over to the American camp. Rory didn't even know his name nor, faith, did he care much what it was.

SEASONABLE LAUGHS.

Young man, make a note of this. Grass widows are not green.

The first flowers of spring—Those which your wife selects for her Easter bonnet.

We disapprove of broom-drills. The average woman can wield a broom too well already.

Thomasville, Ga., is called "the garden city of the South." It is the seediest place in that section.

Paper is being used as a substitute for wood. It is also being used as a substitute for railroads and mining companies.

A renowned circus clown died recently in Troy. He ought to have been one of his own jokes, then, he never would have died.

Society is just like a pie. There is an upper crust and a lower crust, but the real strength and substance lies between them.

A recent writer says that incineration of the dead is common in Alaska. An incineration must certainly be easier there than burial.

Chicago has a young woman who sleeps eight days in one inning. Some women will do almost anything to escape building the kitchen fire.

Flipkins was passing along the street and saw a trunk outside the door of a dealer, bearing the legend: "This size for \$10." "So do I," said Flipkins.

A Halifax woman is said to have poured hot water into her husband's ear. Some husbands would not object to such a proceeding providing it deafened them.

"A seaman washed overboard," exclaimed Mrs. Fangle as she read a newspaper headline; "but he perhaps was so dirty they hadn't enough water on the ship."

"My dear," said a photographer to his wife, as he scoured his plate with his napkin, "I do wish you could teach Bridget to wipe dishes by the dry-plate process."

Family Physician: "I'm afraid that you have been eating too much cake and candy. Let me see your tongue." Little Girl: "Oh! you can look at it; but it won't tell."

Women are liable to make many mistakes, but not one of them, at least no white woman, ever gets so far wrong that she puts pulverized charcoal on her face instead of pearl powder.

An old woman fainted a few days ago at her first sight of a locomotive and railway train. The sight of a fashionable woman's train would undoubtedly have driven her craze.

"Is there any danger of the boa constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the Zoological Garden. "Not the least marm," cried the showman. "He never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."

"Mother, what is an angel?" "My dear, it is a little girl with wings, who flies." "But I heard Papa telling the governess yesterday that she was an angel. Will she fly?" "Yes, my dear; she will fly away the first thing to-morrow."

Miss Hamilton: "And so you enjoyed your tour of Europe?" Miss Toronto: "Oh! indescribably." "Did you see the aqueducts in Rome?" "Yes, and they swam beautifully." "Swam! What swam?" "The aqua-ducks, of course."

He (speaking of their marriage): "I think they both made a very good match." She: "How can you say so? Why, she's brimstone personified, and he's a perfect stick." He: "Brimstone and a perfect stick—precisely the essentials to a good match."

Public Speaker (to report):—"You told me that you took all the points I made in my speech yesterday, and here you have only got two lines, simply saying that I addressed the meeting. And I spoke at least an hour." Reporter—"I assure you sir, that every point you made is in my report."

The wind is always tempered to the shorn lamb. In the bleak climate of St. Paul, where an editor would naturally freeze to death several times each winter, kind Providence induces his subscribers to bring libel suits to warm him up. One paper in that city has fourteen suits, and the editor works in his shirt sleeves on the coldest days.

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Cash surplus undivided profits	\$13,225,053
Income for year 1885	16,121,172
Cash Assets (Funds Invested)	66,864,321
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